

American



Farmer,

AND SPIRIT OF THE AGRICULTURAL JOURNALS OF THE DAY.

"O FORTUNATOS NIMIUM SUA SI BONA NORINT
"AGRICOLAS." Virg.

Vol. V.—New Series.

BALTIMORE, MD. OCT. 25, 1843.

No. 23

TERMS—The "AMERICAN FARMER" is published every Wednesday at \$2.50 per ann., in advance, or \$3 if not paid within 6 months. 5 copies for one year for \$10. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding 16 lines inserted three times for \$1 and 25 cents for each additional insertion—larger ones in proportion. Communications and letters to be directed to SAMUEL SANDS, publisher, corner of Baltimore & North sts

MR. READ'S ADDRESS.

We insert in to-day's paper the Address delivered by William George Read, Esquire, before the Baltimore County Agricultural Society on Thursday, the 19th inst. We feel that we need not make any apology to our intelligent readers for giving it *entire*, to the exclusion of other and more miscellaneous matter, as it has that about it that will commend it to every man of taste and judgment. In beauty of style, chastity of diction, appropriateness of thought and applicability of subjects, it will compare with any other production we have read for years, and judging from the universal applause with which it was received by the large audience before whom it was delivered—an audience consisting of the *elite* of our community, both male and female—we feel confident that no one will rise from its perusal without confessing that he had enjoyed a mental feast of the richest order.

Owing to the length of Mr. Read's Address, we have only been able to insert a part of our Report of the proceedings of the Association during their "three days" of Rural Enjoyment; we shall, however, conclude it in our next, and feel that the public will bear us out in the propriety of the selection we have made, as besides the claims due to courtesy, which would accord to the Address a precedence, its superior and intrinsic merit would alone preponderate in our mind to assign it that distinction.

ORATION,

Delivered before the Baltimore County Agricultural Society, at their second Annual Fair, held at Govans-town, on the 19th day of October, 1843,

BY WM. GEORGE READ, Esq.

[Published by request of the Society.]

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Baltimore County Agricultural Association: I have often had occasion to remark, that persons of every condition are generally well skilled, in those provisions of the law, which have a practical reference to their particular calling and concerns: and I have, therefore, taken it for granted, that, in this large and respectable assemblage of farmers, a number quite sufficient for my security must be familiar with the doctrine of *estrays*; for feeling that I am travelling entirely out of my record, and about to trespass on your peculiar province, I might well dread being taken up for my extravagance, but for the humane regulations of our Maryland law, (which here I am sure will not be violated, and) which prescribe that poor creatures in that predicament shall be well fed and not *hard run*.

But jesting apart, gentlemen, I am indeed oppressed by the consciousness that I have wandered beyond my proper sphere, in venturing to address you, whose acquaintance with the topics appropriate to this occasion so far surpasses mine; and it required all the persuasion of your courteous committee to assure me that I should not be received here as a presumptuous intruder. Still, there is some-

thing so attractive to every right hearted man in the primal occupations of his race; agricultural pursuits of every kind are so natural to us; we do so pant, in the confinement of our workshops, our counting rooms and offices, for the free air, the wide and gorgeous prospects, the invigorating toils, and life giving recreations of the country; each one of us so cherishes, amid the soul and body wasting excitements of city life, the thought of some green sequestered spot, to which he may one day turn aside from the dusty road of his earthly pilgrimage, to rest his wearied heart and shake off the soil of travel—

"Some cottage home, to yield his sickly form,
Health in the breeze or shelter in the storm!"

that I was fain to steal a holiday from less pleasing engagements, and come forth, unworthy as I was, to your rural feast, where, if not the sword of Damocles, critical scythes and pitchforks, at least, are suspended over me.

But, gentlemen, I do not confess to a merely imaginative interest in the objects of your association. My own early education was partly rustic, and the most joyous portion of my childhood was passed on a Connecticut farm. I have not, therefore, drawn my views of country life from Theocritus, Virgil, or Thompson. I know the glittering ploughshare, that seems to cleave the stubborn sod like snow, must be guided by horny hands, and muscles hardened in the wind and rain. I know the cow yields not her milky treasure to a pressure as light as the maiden's thrilling grasp of love; and that shepherds, in this "iron age," have something else to do but piping to shepherdesses in the shade. I have shared, as a child may share, in the real labours of the farm, and remember as of yesterday, the potatoes I have dug, and the corn I have hoed, that some rustic comrade, the leader of our pranks and pastimes, might share the academic holiday. I have helped the milkers, and these pithless arms have ached over the churn. I have gathered the fruit, and bouzed at the cider press; have tossed the new mown hay, and shared in the husking frolic, though too young, be it said under favor of some here present, to claim his privilege who finds a red ear! If, therefore, I speak unadvisedly, I speak at least "con amore," and that excuses blunders on more subjects than one.

But the topics which invite one, in this boundless field, are so numerous, I am at a loss with what to begin. I feel as I might, were I suddenly installed on a farm, with no friendly adviser to direct my labors. In such case I should probably take the liberty to look over my neighbors' fences, plough when they ploughed, and sow when they sowed. In like manner, gentlemen, I must now take my hints from you; and as I understand the objects of your association to be, to improve the agriculture of this, to us most interesting portion of our country, by awakening among the farming community a just sense of the excellence and importance of their calling; by directing their curiosity to the sources of valuable information; by stimulating, with suitable rewards, the enterprising and ingenious; and, by exhibitions of the results of one man's skill and industry, to encourage others in the effort to equal or excel them; I will endeavor to follow your example, and present a few remarks, on the dignity, privileges and duties of the Maryland farmer.

And first, let me ask you what occupation vies with yours in antiquity or usefulness? It is that which seems to exalt man nearest to that great Creative Essence, who "openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness."

It is coeval with the morning of time. It is the only one which bears no essential stain of the original transgression. Man was an agriculturist, ere sin had introduced those wants, to supply or alleviate which is the end of every social function; when the balmy skies of Eden

rendered no shelter necessary but the rosy bower; ere fashion had begun to shape the badges of our shame; before disease invoked the kindly cares of the physician, or injustice called for the restraints of law and government, or armed the soldier; and when the only interpreter between heaven and earth was "the voice of the Lord God walking in Paradise at the afternoon air." Then, "the Lord God took man, and placed him in the Paradise of pleasure, to dress it and to keep it." Idleness was no condition of his being, and earth's spontaneous exuberance supplied our first progenitors employment sweet,

"Among the groves, the fountains and the flowers,
Where fruit-trees overwoody reached too far
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces; or they led the vine
To wed her elm."

Come down with me, in imagination, to a scarce less interesting era, and note what I might almost venture to call the divine solicitude for the great source of population; when earth emerged anew from the whelming waters. True it was now cursed for man's iniquity, and he was to wrestle for his bread with the thorn and the thistle; yet among the earliest promises of relenting justice, was that "seed time and harvest should not cease."

Do you ask evidence of the estimation of your calling among men? Turn aside from the path illumined by revelation to the realms of classic fable; and while you find there the wise and mighty of old embalmed in song—a Minos or Rhadamanthus advanced to the judiciary of Hell, or the beneficent heroism of Alcides rewarded with a seat at the celestial table—you behold the richest outpourings of Pagan devotion, reserved for the giver of the golden grain, and the bloodless triumphs of the planter of the vine.

Pass from the eastern to the western hemisphere, and see the Indian bending in religious loyalty around the sacred throne of Manco Capac, who taught his rude progenitors to reap and sow!

Cross the Pacific, and contemplate, with each returning year, vast China's ruler laboring at the plough!

Turn back to the annals of religion, and observe the heralds of the cross, throughout long ages of barbarism, scattering the precepts of husbandry with the seed of the word of life; the monk gently weaning his savage pupils, from blood and rapine to the arts of peace, and the harvest ripening on the convent's model farm, beneath the holy shadow of the church. Have you not cause to be proud of your beneficent vocation?

I have glanced at its importance to others; let us consider its influence on yourselves.

Refer me to another as favorable to health, to which the greater portion of mechanical, and what are called professional occupations, are comparatively unfriendly. Apart from the noxious influences peculiar to some of these, few are exempt from the evils of crowded localities and vitiated atmosphere. Most are restricted to a narrow sphere in which industry toils its mill-horse round, wearisome to the spirits and exhausting to the frame. Not so with the farmer. While his labors ensure that perfect muscular development and nervous energy, which render mere animal existence a blessing of itself, his attention is divided among ever-varying operations, which supply the mind with salutary and agreeable excitement, and bring quiet and repose to the heart. A document, accidentally within my reach while preparing these remarks, supplies an interesting illustration of this idea. Of the lunatic patients, in the Bloomingdale Asylum in 1841, the "producing classes," including farmers, mechanics, laborers, &c., who constitute the great bulk of the population, furnished 49½ per cent. of the entire number. Of these, the workers of the soil, including farmers, farm laborers, planters, and gardeners, furnished but 13½ per cent. while the mechanics

supplied 23 per cent. of the whole. How much of this comparative exemption, from the direst affliction that can befall us in this mortal state, may be ascribed to the cheering influences that surround the farmer!—the shining morn, the fresh and dewy field—

"—the prime to mark how spring
His tended plants, how blown the grove,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquids sweet."

Contrast the condition of your children, disporting free upon your fields or in your woods, with those confined to the stifling limits of the city, narrow alleys, or still more contracted yards! Do you wonder that humanity rises not to its full growth in our towns? and ought not the farmer's heart to swell with gratitude, as he counts the luxuriant olive branches round about his table? Pass through our oven-like streets, on a sultry summer night, and listen to the infant's wail, as the care-worn mother strives to lull it to repose! One draught of country air would revive its faded beauty, like rain on drooping flowers! But it gasps in vain for the healing breeze; and another case of "infantile unknown" is added to the bills of mortality!

Take another view of the subject. The children of the city have, generally, no escape from the confinement of the domestic premises, but to streets and alleys, where evil communications beset them at every turn, and the eye is seared and the ear profaned, by sights and sounds of impurity or blasphemy. The farmer has but to will the preservation of his offspring from corrupt associations, and nursing nature casts her holy cloister around them.

And where are those habits of simplicity, independence, and patriotism to be formed, on which depends the stability of our free political institutions? Where so well as at the plough, which nerved the arms by which they were established? which Putnam left mid-furrow, at the death groan which rang from Lexington; which braced that iron breast, on which your own "Old Cowpens" blunted the bayonet of Britain?

"Heu prisca fides! invictaque bello Dextera!"

Compare your position, my friends, with theirs whose operations depend on "banking facilities," or the favor of employers. Was it ever heard of, in our rural districts, that such should dare to say "they would withhold 'the leave to toil' from those who voted differently from themselves?" Can the credit-sustained citizen cope in spirit with the farmer who

"Looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man!"

if he hath dashed from his lip the intoxicating bowl; if he hath not, like the fool in scripture, clapped his hand and become surety for his neighbor; if his wife like "the valiant woman," "hath girded her loins with strength, and hath strengthened her arm, hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle?" His is the business that commands what others call patronage. God causeth his sun to shine on the poor man's fee simple acre, as brightly as on the rich man's manor; and let him but water it freely with "the sweat of his face," plenty will shake her horn over it as prodigally. What to him the rise or fall of prices? His family are fed and housed; and his traffic is in that which constitutes the standard of wages to labor generally—"the staff of life." The only visitor he needs dread is the tax gatherer; and him, if he is wise and true, he holds in effectual control; for the political power of the community is confessedly lodged with the farmers; and where, disregarding the behests of self constituted party dictators, and looking above the paltry triumphs of a county election, they deliberately resolve to maintain the honor, and promote the interests of the State, they need never apprehend being involved beyond their means, unless they are prepared to admit that the experiment of self government is a failure.

From the farmer's privileges I deduce his duties; for these are correlative to the former. I have said he should be proud of his vocation. He should strive to make his children proud of it too. He should assiduously direct their attention to the blessings they enjoy, and inspire them with corresponding sentiments of content and thankfulness. I do not, of course, propose that all should follow, with Chinese tameness in the path of industry their fathers trod before them. I know that all sorts of men are wanted to complete the world. I have heard the throbbing of many a "heart pregnant with celestial fire," beneath a rustic doublet; and listened, with extacy, to the music of "the living lyre," waked by the hand of toil. Doubtless there are embryo traders, who, like Major Jack

Downing's brothers, would make money by swapping jackets if confined to the traffic of the farm;—physicians who would kill half the stock, if debarred from practising on Christians; and lawyers who, for want of a more congenial forum, would frame declarations for breach of promise in the dairy, bring ejectments for the chimney corner, and foment actions on partnership accounts between the off and the near hand ox! Still when I contemplate the dangers of other callings, their uncertain emoluments, their harassing cares, I am fain to address each blooming country youth, in the words of the poet to a simple maiden,

"Dear innocent! stay where thou art;
The city aboundeth in snares;
They will peel the soft skin from thy heart!
And quench thy sweet black eyes in tears."

But the Maryland farmer's care ought not to terminate with cherishing in his children a fondness for his own state of life. He should labor to root their affections in the paternal acres, and twine them around the "old familiar trees." Nothing is more injurious to agriculture, than the straggling habits encouraged by our boundless domain, upon which paternal avarice is too often tempted to turn the rising generation adrift. A calling is thereby rendered partially nomadic which is essentially stationary. Population roams about, with the blind instinct of the buffalo, wherever the soil is found to yield the gross elements of plenty to the smallest industrial effort. To fell the forest, burn off the timber, and with it much of the vegetable mould that has been accumulating for centuries, to crop unsparingly, year after year, while the soil retains a particle of its original fertility, and then—pass onward, from the waste "old field," to renewed devastation elsewhere, such has been the past history of American husbandry (if it deserve the name) throughout some of the most interesting districts of our country! Meanwhile, the same thriftless policy lures the settlers on, like locusts while a green thing remains unconsumed before them. State rises after State in the wilderness, each new capitol becoming, ere Terminus can fix his seat, another starting point for the el dorado of abundance still beyond.

All this, it is true, accords admirably with our favorite maxim, "go ahead." We unroll our maps, and point with exultation to the sister States, as, with nymph-like speed, they seem to chase each other through our western forests. But has all this haste advanced the real happiness of man, our moral improvement, or the permanent prosperity of our country? I incline to doubt it. I might lament the hapless aborigenes, forever warned to quit, while the restless flood of white population still roars insatiate behind them! I might speak of the premature alienation of the public domain, which more charily, more justly, more humanely husbanded, had been a source to the nation of never ending wealth. I might dilate on the evils of a sparse, and therefore wild and disorderly semi-savage population, as contrasted with the inhabitants of denser settlements—a mischief foreseen by the piercing eye of Washington, whose every word was wisdom.* I might argue the tendency of this perpetual movement to merge the feeling of State patriotism, on which the aggregate national strength and honor eventually depend in a sort of cosmopolitan spirit, which hardly recognises as binding the generic designation of an American; our errant people, indifferent to those local interests with which they will soon be disconnected, losing the old jealous sensibility to whatever might cloud their "bright particular star," while legislation grows careless and precipitate; police becomes lax; and love of country expires in the dumb agony of private selfishness.

Such topics, however, might strike you as more appropriate to a political audience than that which honors me. I will, therefore, condemn the system in question, on purely agricultural principles. I assert that by it the great productive matrix of the country has been wretchedly exhausted, and that the farming interest would have

* "Nor can I see wherein lies the advantage of it," (a large cession of territory by the Indians,) "unless a number of States, though thinly inhabited, would be more than a counterpoise, in the political scale, for progressive and compact settlements. * * * Lands, like other commodities, rise or fall, in proportion to the quantity at market; consequently, a higher price may be obtained, by the acre, for as much as will constitute one or two States, than can be had if ten States were offered for sale at the same time; besides extending the benefits and deriving all the advantages of Law and Government from them at once; neither of which can be done in sparse settlements where nothing is thought of but scrambling for land, which more than probably would involve confusion and bloodshed." [Unpublished letter from General Washington to the Hon. Jacob Read, 1784.]

prospered better by improving their Atlantic lands, than by plunging, in search of unimproved soil, among the western woods. I say that all the great objects of human existence would have been more steadily promoted, by the adoption of those renovating processes which now engage our attention, than by wandering away to new possessions, of greater actual fertility, but remote from markets, remote from schools, remote from the salutary restraints and soothing consolations of religion, and where a glut of hog's flesh and corn seems almost the only compensation, for the abandonment of all those social blessings which sweeten and embellish life.

If I am correct in these opinions, and it seems to me that, if time permitted, they could be established to demonstration, we ought, as Marylanders, to impress them on our children; not merely by strengthening their local ties, but by kindling in their bosoms the pride of art—by indoctrinating them with the great agricultural truth that it is labor only which gives value to land, and that natural fertility is, in fact, the moth of industry and national greatness: by teaching them to esteem the condition of the inhabitant of New England, forced to beat his rocks into soil, and fence forever against the spear of frost, more blest than that of the Otaheitean, or the negro of the Antilles, asleep under the bread tree or banana.

But, in order to this, labor must be honorable among us. We must feel that mercy tempered the primeval censure, in adapting its harsh discipline to the requirements of our fallen nature. We must realize the truth of the poet's beautiful moral—

"Oh mortal man! that livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate!
That, like an emmet, thou must ever toil,
Is a sad sentence, of an ancient date;
And certes there is for it reason great:
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that, would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale!"

Let then, our farmers, whether rich or poor, inculcate on their households, both by precept and example, that labor, *bodily labor, is essential to happiness and virtue.* Let them inflame their sturdy sons with the sentiment of holy writ—"the glory of a young man is his strength;" and invest their budding daughters with the praise of the perfect wife—"strength and beauty are her clothing."

"Ah, but," methinks some sapless youth or delicate miss exclaims, "labor is for the poor, who are to live by it. It was never intended for the rich. The sons of gentlemen should be lawyers, or physicians, or merchants—something genteel, something that requires superior talents or acquirements; and their daughters should be taught to direct their servants and regulate their own dress and accomplishments." Such are prevalent ideas; and to them may be ascribed no small amount of the folly, the vice, the wretchedness and ruin that stalk the land. God hath not granted equal gifts to all; and, in vainly aiming at what they are unfit for, thousands pass their lives in desponding sloth, or verify the homely proverb, that "idle brains are the devil's work shop." To how many lounging aspirants for professional or mercantile success could we apply, with truth, the bitter gibe of Peter Pindar.

"There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his sissy head against a board,
Who might have helped the State—made a good jailor,
A night man, or a tolerable tailor."

Oh would that the empty youth, who affects to look down on bodily labor, would go with me in memory to a New England farm, and quail before the manly sense and solid information he would find there, hedged in by the herculean frame of a farmer! Would that too prodigal Nature could permit our languid belles, who would faint at the thought of a mop or broom in their own fair hands, to envy the rounded form, the full cheek, purpled with health's pure dyes, the sparkling glance of intelligence and joy that are the rich dowry of a hard working daughter of New England!—Not hers the charm of animal perfection only, but the cultivated mind and energetic heart—a character strengthened by conscious usefulness; an intellect familiar with books, of which the fair denizens of cities often know not the name.

Labor dishonorable!—the only nurse of mental or moral vigor!—the only source, under the politer name of "exercise," of those mere animal enjoyments some esteem it their privilege to live for!

Labor dishonorable!—go with me, ye blinded votaries of wealth and fashion! to the humble hut of Nazareth, and bow your foreheads in the dust where the most honor-

ed of all God's creatures—the virgin mother of our Redeemer, and the nursing father of the Lord of the universe—direct and share the labors of the youthful Jesus!

But how are we to cross the broad distinctive line, that separates us from that class of our population, which the selfish policy of the mother country, and their northern brethren, intruded on our fathers, and whose involuntary services they have bequeathed to us?

I answer, that every consideration of public policy admonishes to keep the physical superiority with the dominant race; and that every private motive should animate our agriculturists to active participation in the labors of the field, if there be truth in the words of "Poor Richard,"

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Must either hold himself or drive."

There can be nothing more respectable than a farmer in his fields surrounded by his slaves and children, and directing their common toils with his own superior intelligence. Nothing better calculated to mitigate the essential evils of domestic servitude, or disarm the prejudices of them who would disturb the harmony of the patriarchal relation; nothing which would better prepare the way for a gradual removal of the subordinate class, or promote the prosperity of each while their present connexion endures.

But a mere accumulation of robust and hardy frames is not the limit of patriotic desire. We accomplish but half our object, unless we rouse the thinking with the acting principle. Our farmers must divest themselves of their prejudices against book farming, and fill their houses with such cheap practical treatises and periodicals, as embody the latest applications of science to the various objects of agricultural interest.

It is easy to explain why scientific farming makes such tardy progress among the practical yeomanry of our land. It is generally undertaken by persons who have not been trained to agriculture; but who bring to its rough and laborious details the speculative vivacity of professional or city pursuits, uncorrected by familiarity with those stubborn facts which often so perversely upset the most ingenious theories; persons particularly prone to be misled by plausible statements in matters which, beyond most others, require to be tested by long and careful experience, under their ever varying circumstances; and who are always ready to start, at the word, in chase of what a true farmer hates worse than the Hessian fly—humbugs! Their plodding neighbors, meanwhile, sneer at their experiments, chuckle over their failures, and forgetful that most of their own most approved practices and implements are the invention of the last 30 or 40 years, go on rejoicing in what they mistakenly call "the good old way," as if the most luxuriant branch of natural science had already petrified in imaginary perfection.

Our State will never rise to the measure of her agricultural capability, till the suggestions of the scientific shall be executed by men familiar with their rationale, and a sufficiently extended experience established to influence the general practice, so that the merest farmer of detail shall know how to imitate the parsimony of the Great Creator, who permiteth no waste in his works, from the fragments of the miraculous feast in the wilderness, to the smallest atom of ammonia, that rises from a putrid worm. How often has the veriest tyro in agricultural knowledge cause to grieve, as he surveys the well trodden farm-yard, placed for convenience to the dairy, in a bottom near the spring house, and from which every shower washes away the stimulating salts and soluble humus, while each passing breeze goes freighted with the volatile elements of the future crop! Farmers, and intelligent farmers too, have yet to learn the discoveries and results of modern chemistry; that the undigested offals of each day's sustenance are more than equal to its reproduction; that the fertilizing gases may be fixed by the admixture of plaster, or other cheap and simple agents; that the waste of a city like Baltimore ought to overflow the surrounding region like the fructifying Nile; that animal manure should be applied as fresh as possible; that it should be preserved in a concentrated and not an expanded form; that we should turn off by embankments the flow of water to the stercorary, and dam in what we cannot afford to roof out, and that we lose half our labor in transferring to the fields a mere half-decayed mass of wind-dried and water-washed vegetable matter.

I do not propose that all farmers are to be experimental natural philosophers, but I believe it indispensable to their prosperity, on their native seats, that many should be accustomed to pore over the results, to which the philoso-

pher has arrived in his laboratory, and recommends for trial by the practical. They will thus carry an enlightened observation to the facts which occur at every turn of their daily experience; and perhaps be enabled, where they cannot advantageously adopt a hint, to suggest something better in their turn.

An immensity of valuable information is doubtless lost, through the diffidence of observers, or the inconvenience it might cost them to give their knowledge to the world. A country physician, for instance, who brings to the practice of his profession a general acquaintance with chemistry, entomology and botany, and who often finds it convenient to combine the cultivation of a farm with the care of his patients, possesses advantages for noting facts and pondering over their bearings on agricultural interests, which most mere farmers could neither appreciate nor improve. If he hints his views to his neighbors, they probably denounce him as a visionary, and he possibly loses their confidence in his especial vocation. To publish his opinions, in a regular book, might neither comport with the calls on his time, or the state of his purse. A newspaper communication proposes, at best, very limited gratification to his love of fame or desire to be useful. He cannot bear to give the fruit of long years, perhaps, of careful enquiry and profound meditation, to ephemeral columns, where it may be overlooked or forgotten among more engrossing matters. But secure to such a man an extensive and interested list of readers; assure him that his essay will not be torn up as soon as read; give him reason to hope that his views may be tested by other men, and that benefit to his fellows, and perhaps honor to himself, will one day reward his lucubrations, and you wake the dormant faculties of an embryo Leibig or Davy.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for presenting you in this connection, with some of the conclusions that crowned the long and laborious researches of a gentleman it is my privilege to call my friend, and whose interesting disquisitions on these and kindred subjects, have beguiled me of many an hour due to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

Dr. Jefferson Shields, of Frederick, in this State, long a resident of Emmitsburg, devoted many years to the study of the nature and habits of the Hessian fly—that direst enemy that British tyranny is popularly believed to have landed on our shores. He commenced his enquiries into its natural history in the fall of 1828, and for the first three years examined the insect every day, in its natural habitations. In the course of five years he completely identified it so as to distinguish it from others, which resemble it so closely as to deceive any but a very nice and experienced observer; and satisfied himself as to the exact times at which the parent fly deposits its eggs, the periods at which it emerges from the state of chrysalis, and the vegetables on which alone it is subsisted.

His convictions are positive that wheat, in all its varieties, notwithstanding all that is said about "fly proof wheat," is its first choice, or natural aliment; next barley; and lastly Speltz, or German wheat; and that, if the fly is forced by necessity to deposit its eggs on any other plant, they will not quicken.

He next succeeded in defining, as he thinks, three distinct hatches of the insect, or rather exclusions from the chrysalis; which for brevity may be designated flights.

The first, beginning with the agricultural year, or seeding of its appropriate grain, commences about the 20th of September, and continues till the 10th or 12th of October; by which time the whole generation will have left their chrysaline shells, and deposited their eggs in the young crop, then just appearing, if the seeding has been early, and the ground moist. The young brood continue to exist, with indestructible tenacity of life, throughout every change of temperature until the Spring. The stalk on which they are deposited invariably dies; but the young shoots, which come up with the first warm weather in the Spring, afford fit receptacles for another generation.

About the 25th of April, never more than five days earlier or later, according to the forwardness or lateness of the season, (the Dr. has reference, of course, to the climate of Emmitsburg, and its vicinity) the perfect fly emerges the second time, and deposits its ova on the joint nearest the ground, and, if the flight be very numerous, on the second and third joints. In about five days the egg gives place to the white nit or larva state, in which the insect feeds upon the plant, but requiring so little nourishment, that its ravages are not perceived till about the 20th of May, when the crop ceases to improve, and begins to deteriorate. The further progress of destruction I need not detail, as you all, unhappily, are but too familiar with it.

A third generation appears about the 20th of June, and continues to deposit its eggs, as long as any green "under-wheat" or "suckers" furnish suitable receptacles. Instinct here, however, directs the little marauder to select the upper joints, and even heads of stunted wheat, where succulency lingers longest; lest the insect perish from the ripening of the crop before it is sufficiently matured to pass into the chrysalis; a cause by which, in fact, vast numbers are annually destroyed, or it would be impossible, in the Dr.'s opinion, to raise wheat at all. This undergrowth is, in harvesting, cut off by the scythe, and carried to the stack; where the enemy remains, in the state of chrysalis, till the returning 20th of September summons it forth to blast the hopes of the coming year.

Now, without claiming infallibility for these conclusions, let well authenticated statements like these be spread before the agricultural community, and what a vast field of enquiry they would open to the intelligent and discreet! How many are able to perceive and verify, what it required sharper penetration, and more patient watching, to discover and point out. Suppose the true nature of the evil thus incontestably ascertained; what various projects would be suggested by the practical to prevent or mitigate it! Whether by common consent, regulated by agricultural conventions, to starve the invader out, by intermitting the culture of its peculiar food throughout large districts, for two seasons, while other districts should simultaneously endeavor to supply the deficiency; whether to elude the fall attack by late sowing, with its incident risk of the plant being winter killed, or consumed by rust before the protracted harvest; whether, as I have sometimes ventured to suggest, by seeding very early, and feeding down the plant, in the fall and winter, after it had taken strong root, a process which once proved effectual in Emmitsburg, even in the more critical season of spring, through an accidental irruption of a drove of cattle into a small lot that was "infamous" from the devastations of the fly; or whether farmers would do well, in more respects than one, to act on Liebig's hint, and restore their straw to the stubble field, by burning, or rather, perhaps, if possible, charring it, before the 20th of September, (or first disengagement of the fly from the chrysalis) careful and repeated experiment alone could determine.

At the hazard of fatiguing you, I will state another of my friend's theories, the fruit of six years of careful scrutiny into the nature of rust, the farmer's rock in harbour. Dr. Shields affirms with great apparent reason, that the rust, so far from being a scabby disease, or eruption of superfluous juices, as some suppose, is, in fact, a parasitic fungus with three distinct stages, not noticeable by a superficial observer. It is first white, then red, when it is in blossom, and in which state it does little damage. The third or destructive stage is the black, when it matures its seed; and as this is well known to be the exhausting effort of Nature, if it takes place before the grain is filled, the parasite absorbs its nutriment "in transitu," and the ear remains light and shrivelled, if not absolutely empty. This view, founded on simple microscopic phenomena accessible to all, which exhibit the seed of the rust arranged much like those of the sun flower, (though the fungus itself is long and sharp at either end, corresponding with the veins of the straw in which it is nourished,) is in strict accordance with the general habits of the fungus tribe; which, though their impalpable seed are known to be almost omnipresent in the soil, require a peculiar combination of heat and moisture to bring them to their sudden and ephemeral maturity. The minute seeds of the rust are supposed by Dr. Shields to be taken up in the sap of the plant, and to lie dormant under the cuticle till a few close, sultry, or (as farmers call them) "funky" mornings develop their noxious product. Hence, a dry and breezy season either prevents the vegetation of the seed, or destroys the blossom of the parasite by friction; and, of course, precludes it from fructifying. He suggests, as a remedy, as early planting as is compatible with avoiding the fly; and such high preparation of the soil as may accelerate vegetation in the spring. Perhaps burning rusty straw, instead of retaining it for litter, might be measurably useful, by consuming the seed; and I would add, that a recent statement by a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, concerning the exemption of wheat from rust on lands which had been dressed with charcoal, and spots where the coal heaps had been burned, may be explained by the greater absorption of solar heat by the darkened surface, and the consequent acceleration in the ripening of the grain.

Perhaps, gentlemen, you will laugh at me if I should

venture to start, on such a field as this, a little maggot of my own; and yet it is one I have nursed in my brain so carefully, that I am fain to see it put to its mettle, by some practical member of the agricultural turf.

Do we not annually seed our land with weeds, from the undigested food of the stock? Might not this be avoided, by leeching the manure, and applying it to the land in a liquid state, with such simple machinery as is used for watering our streets? and could not this be done, from vats judiciously located, with less manual labor than is needed under our present system? Could not the vegetable residuum be then retained till fermentation had killed its seed, or would not the very process of submersion destroy the vegetative principle, as it notoriously does with many cereal grains? Is it not worth enquiry, too, whether our great staple, the Indian corn, would not be more prolific if simply weeded, which the plan suggested might render feasible, than when, by ploughing deep to kill the grass, we tear and lacerate the roots, which are all so many mouths?

I have said enough, and you will probably think too much, to illustrate my idea. Observation and comparison are the parents of knowledge; and knowledge is another word for power. There must be, in a thriving agricultural community, appropriate repositories for the transient remarks and evanescent suggestions of the intelligent and speculative; and these should constitute a principal staple of domestic reading and conversation; and yet, with what chilling apathy the most valuable communications are habitually received by the farming public, might be abundantly proved, if instances were wanting, by the startling fact that the *Guano manure*, now all the rage in England, where some sixty vessels are employed in importing it from Peru, and the magical efficacy of which is trumpeted as something new, by the daily papers and agricultural addresses of our enterprising Eastern brethren, was actually imported into Maryland as long ago as 1824, by our accomplished fellow-citizen, John S. Skinner, who published in the *American Farmer*, (vol. 6th, page 316,) a full account of its nature and uses, with a chymical analysis of it by two distinguished French chemists. Mr. Skinner not unaptly claims to "have set that ball in motion;" but the indifference of our farmers suffered it to stop. Oh that it had possessed for them but half the interest of a hickory broom or a barrel of hard cider!

In offering these hints to farmers, I but recommend the approved practice of every other profession. What figure would my learned friends around me make before your tribunals of justice, if they did not, with unceasing study, keep progress with the advance of jurisprudence? or how would you consider your physician to discharge his duty, if he wilfully closed his mind against systems of cure, which were asserted, on respectable testimony, to be safer, speedier, and more agreeable than the old ones? It is not, of course, pretended that what is new is therefore true; but as, according to the old proverbs, there never was a falsehood without some shadow of foundation in truth, and one fool at least is necessary to a neighbourhood, we may conclude that a judicious editor will seldom, if ever, lay before his readers, what is not, in some degree, worthy of attention.

The principles I have advanced, apply to the operations of every department of the farm, from the field to the kitchen, on which so much of domestic comfort and happiness depends; from the economy of the piggery to that of the nectared palace of the bee. Nature gives us little for nothing; but enlightened industry she rewards a hundred fold. A little well cooked and digestible food will fatten a hog sooner and better than the loads of crude corn thrown to him to pick up from his own muck. A little rummaging, once a fortnight, about a neatly made hive, will protect its frugal citizens from the destructive ravages of the moth, which threatens to spoil our land of its honey. An occasional handful of well winnowed corn grits (or small hominy) with clean water and a vigorous application of the broom daily to a poultry yard free from grass, and where the hens are confined (until the brood are of the size of full grown partridges) under coops without floors, and made by nailing slats (wide enough apart to admit the free egress and ingress of the chickens) upon two triangular pieces of board, in the manner of a common roof, will enable the dame to raise turkeys as easily as barn door fowls, and snap her fingers at the little double-necked worm in the windpipe which causes the gapes.

But the whole mystery of agricultural success lies in one brief phrase "the owner's eye and hand." I had oc-

casional about a year ago, to traverse some thirty or forty miles of Canada, at the different portages around the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The land was white with the down of the just ripened thistle. It occupied, not merely the roads and commons, but the very grass and grain fields, to the extent of one third, and often two; and I could not forbear suggesting, to a gallant officer who had shown me some little steamboat courtesies, that as the treaty had destroyed all chance of their cutting at us, his little queen could do no better, with her brilliant army there, than to turn their blades against this intestine foe.

From the British possessions, I returned thro' New England, where, I remember having read as a child, this same Canada thistle threatened once to be as troublesome as in the Northern provinces, but where the sturdy farmers procured a general law, which compelled the population to turn out "en masse," and chop it down at the proper season. As I bowled along, over their solid, smooth, and money-making railroads, and gazed on the evidences of thrift that every where smiled around me, my bosom dilated with honest pride in the energy that had tamed the rugged land where I first drew breath. I contemplated the rocks, that once hid the soil from the ploughshare, now piled in neat and ever-during walls; the teeming corn fields, with five stalks to the hill; the meadow, shorn like velvet, to the very base of the massive granite boulders; the thriving towns; the bustling manufactories; the tidy homesteads, abounding in every element of comfort, and redolent of cultivated taste in structural embellishments, or those richer decorations of which "nature's self is architect, moulding forms and scattering graces," and I thought, "here at least is a race of men who will always hold want and disgrace at the staff's end! over whose soil no hostile army will ever march a mile; whose bond-holders will never wait an hour for their dividends!"

Would you learn the secret of all this material prosperity? It might be told in the merry story I have laughed at when a boy, of her *Excellency's* answer, when a pompous visitor enquired of his lady, for a certain governor of Vermont. "You can't see his *Excellency* just now. His *Excellency* is up in the hay loft hunting after the hen's eggs!"

But I will explain it all more seriously. Destiny, a kind but rugged nurse, has placed the yankee in the fairy-land of enterprise; where lazy ignorance must perish, but where mind and energy can accomplish every thing. He learns in his infancy that "waste is sinful," and that moral principle, at least, he never forgets. Brief smiles the summer for him; but he plants a six weeks corn, and "makes hay while the sun shines." Long and dreary frowns the winter; but he breasts the icy blast, sleds up the wood, supplies the kitchen fire, brings water for the women, litters and feeds the stock, and is off—to school! Yes! gentlemen, to school. I have stood, a child of seven, in class with bearded men of five and twenty, who yet blushed not to con their English grammar. At every respite from the operations of the farm, they go to school; (at least they did so in my time;) and the winter nights instead of lounging at the tavern stove, they spend over books, or in contriving inventions. What though the envious sun withdraws his cheering beam, and pours a golden flood on happier lands? They have tracked Leviathan among the crashing icebergs, and dragged up from the deep a brighter ray—the sun of science—the light of intellect—the oil which feeds the lamp of the learner!

Men of Maryland! we must imitate, if we would equal them. We, too, must improve our schools, and see that our children attend them; or rather, must we not attempt to bring back a state of things that seems nearly passed away—a community with children?

We must make our public schools not sinecures for political partisans, nor fields for sectarian manoeuvres; but seminaries, where the rudiments of common education shall be so well, so faithfully, and solidly taught, as to command the confidence alike of the rich and poor; and where they cannot gratify the highest requirements of genius, all classes of the community, but farmers in particular, ought firmly to insist that the institutions to which they entrust their offspring, should not continue, as they mostly are, mere forcing houses of the intellect, where the body relaxed by inertia gains but half its growth, and the canker of premature decay, engendered by overstrained mental application, corrodes the bud of "man's majestic beauty," ere it can spread its sweet leaves to the air; but nurseries of health, as well as of learning and virtue; where bodily shall alternate with mental toil; and the intervals of scientific or literary studies be occu-

pied with practical farming, military drill, and the use of mechanical tools.†

In a single parting word, gentlemen, cultivate the whole man, for there is no social duty, from that of the Senate to the camp, that may not fall to the lot of every Maryland citizen, and especially of a thorough bred Maryland Farmer.
A. M. D. G.

†This is no passing speculation. Few matters of worldly concern have occupied my thoughts so deeply, as the deplorable neglect of physical culture, in our public boarding and day schools. Their directors seem to me to regard the health of children in no other light than as a *fund of endurance*, on which they are to draw, without stint, for the mere advancement of the pupil's studies; forgetful how little all the learning attainable by man can avail the possessor, if coupled with a prematurely broken constitution. I can name institutions, (and these the very best we have, where the transcendently superior morality of the pupils supplies an extraordinary share of physical vigor) where boys are confined, at their various studies and recitations, from ten to eleven hours per diem. Now every man, who will reflect for one moment on the capacity of the human constitution, must perceive that a great deal of this pretended study is necessarily mere *moping*, injurious at once to mind and body.—The limits of a note will not permit the full discussion of this subject, and I glance at it, only in the hope to awaken the attention of better and more influential thinkers to a vital injury unconsciously inflicted on the best educated youth of our country, who ought, on purely physiological principles, to excel in bodily as well as mental strength.

In a well regulated boarding school, which ought always, if possible, to be situated in the country, the heartiest boy should never be confined at study (including all the occupations of the school) longer than one third of his time, or eight hours in the twenty-four. He ought to enjoy at least eight of uninterrupted sleep. Two hours in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon should be allotted to light farm or mechanical labour; and this, judiciously applied, would greatly reduce the cost of his board; in other words he would raise his own corn, wheat, bacon, milk, butter and garden stuff. One hour and a half per diem, or half an hour each, should be allowed for the three meals; nothing being so injurious *eventually* to digestion, as the habit of compelling children to swallow their food in haste, and therefore imperfectly masticated. Half an hour per diem, should be devoted to military drill, that the youth might be able to balance himself with the dignity and free grace of the soldier. Half an hour should be allotted for a siesta, after the mid-day meal, for those who wished it; and the remaining two hours and a half be sacred to merriment and play.—Some of the mere lessons of memory might be learned by classes walking quietly in corridors, or piazzas, under the superintendence of a teacher. Standing desks should be provided, to enable the student to vary his position; and seats with backs, to relieve the aching loins, and prevent the contraction of the chest which is ordinarily thrown forward, for support, upon the arms and elbows.

Such a system would produce both better scholars and finer men than any we now see. Elihu Burrit had never acquired his *decades of languages*, had he not *forged* as steadily as he *studied*: nor would our New England brethren so far excel the rest of their countrymen, in all the elements of worldly prosperity, but for their habitual blending of bodily with mental toil.

P. S. The foregoing suggestions, though inspired by my own cruel experience, and still more poignant parental anxiety, must not be received as the crude speculations of a non-medical man. They have been frequently submitted to physicians of the highest authority, and invariably sanctioned by their unqualified approbation. One of the most eminent in this community, who fills an important chair in our University, and to whom I stated them, since the former part of this note was penned, replied to me in these few but emphatic words—that whosoever should introduce such a system as I have sketched, "*would be philanthropists in a new line.*" W. G. R.

‡In our next, we will continue our account of the Fair, and publish the Reports of the Committees appointed to award premiums; an account of the Ploughing Match, proceedings of the Society, and a notice the various matters that transpired during the continuance of the Fair.

Extra copies of this and next week's "Farmer" can be had at the office—price 6½ cents each.

Mr. Read's address, in pamphlet form, for sale at this office.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL SANDS.

CATTLE SHOW,
AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, PLOUGHING
MATCH AND SALE,

OF

THE BALTIMORE CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The *Harvest Home* of the *Baltimore County Agricultural Society*, was held at Govanestown, on the York road, 4 miles from Baltimore, on *Wednesday*, the 18th, *Thursday*, the 19th, and *Friday*, the 20th inst. it being the *SECOND ANNUAL FAIR* of the Society. And we feel no small pleasure in stating the gratifying fact, that the meeting was such as gave assurance that the right spirit is abroad among the farmers of our time-honored county—a spirit which, we trust, is destined to carry forward the march of improvement from hill to vale, from neighborhood to neighborhood, until every foot of arable ground within the limits of the county, shall have received all the meliorating influence of which, through the lights of science and the well directed skill of her agriculturists, it is susceptible—until fertilization, with its concomitant blessings, shall have been made to beam forth from every field—and until the home of each of her sons shall abound with the richest productions of the earth.

We arrived on the ground at an early hour on the first morning of the *Fair*—when but few persons had congregated there—when but few of the pens of the society had yet been honored with the presence of their intended occupants—when but few of the skilful manufacturers of agricultural implements had come; but we had not been long on the ground before we were met by one of those constitutional CROAKERS, whose great object in inhabiting the earth, seems to be to render every one as misanthropic as themselves—without possessing either the heart or the energy to promote human happiness, or contribute to human comfort—delight only in bringing down society to their own inglorious standard of miserable non-entity—We say we met one of those beings, who had scarcely given us the nod of recognition, and extended to us the salutation of the morn, before he assailed our ears with the unwelcome prediction—

"This is a failure! I said last year it would be so!"

We looked at him for a moment, and then replied, that "we presumed his *wish* was father to the thought"—but that as there were false prophets in times past, we doubted not that he would prove himself eminently entitled to the distinction of being one *now*: that we had too much faith in the *materiel* of which the society were comprised, to permit a thought so foreign to our wishes, to enter our imaginings: that he should recollect, that the Great Architect of the universe, in his wisdom, took six days to complete the world, and that as this was but the dawning of the first day of our rural festival, he should at least give time for the assemblage of its contributors, before he pronounced his judgment."

With these remarks we parted from our dolorous prophet, and did not meet him again until next day, when as he appeared to be digesting the mortification of the failure of his prophecy, we gave him the passing salute of—"GLORIOUS GATHERING THIS!" and passed onward in the discharge of our duties. We mention this incident to illustrate the inauspicious forebodings that the noble exertions of the Society have to encounter; for we doubt not that our desponding acquaintance is but one of a *genus*: and now, as our temperament, in despite of the frosts of many, many winters, is too sanguine to enjoy the communion of such men, we will proceed to the execution of the more pleasing task we have allotted ourselves, of recording the proceedings of the association, and noting the events of the "THREE DAYS," which, if not devoted to the objects of revolution, as were those of France, were occu-

ried in still more glorious because peaceful deeds; that of furthering the melioration of the soil, the improvement of stock, the cultivation of kindly feelings among husbandmen, and the artizans engaged in the fabrication of their implements, and the excitement of a generous spirit of emulation among those, upon whom the world have to rely for the production of the necessities, the comforts and the luxuries of life. That each and all of these purposes were attained in an eminent degree, no one, who witnessed the heart-gladdening scenes of the occasion, will undertake to controvert; and we, as a very humble laborer in the vineyard, rejoice that it were so; for we love the earth, and all that appertains to its cultivation and improvement, and reverently indulge in a spirit of gratitude to Him from whom man received it, with the injunction, to till and keep it, in order that, from the abundance of its productions, his wants might be supplied.

Let us pass now from these reflections, to the persons, the objects, and the things which comprised the Exhibition.

The attendance of male visitors on the first day, was less than that which honored our fair last year; but however much we regretted the absence of some of our acquaintances and friends—and we did it sincerely—for we have yet to learn how to graduate or repress our feelings or our griefs—still when we looked around us, and beheld the increased number of ladies, who were present to animate, by the interest they took in our affairs, and cheer us by their smiles, we bid our griefs be still; for the consciousness that woman was there, in her loveliness and purity, to breathe new life and vigor into all, assured us that that cause must prosper which had received the sanction, and elicited the aid of the fair wives and daughters of our agricultural brethren; nor were we disappointed; for the audience of the second day was all that the most ardent friend of the association could have wished for or desired: the dwellers of the far-off valleys—of the remote hill-tops—of every river and stream within our borders—emulous of participating in the good work, had sounded their bugle blasts, and, as in times of yore, each had poured forth their lieges, and with them came those of the softer sex, from the aged matron to the miss in her teens—those who, at home, conduct the economy of the household, soften the asperities of humanity, sweeten the enjoyments of the domestic hearth, and solace man in the hour of his earthly trials—these were among us, to diffuse on all around that moral halo, which not only lends enchantment to the scene, but imparts to it a freshness and an interest, that awaken in the breast of man all the nobler and more generous feelings of his nature.

Nor was the third day, which was devoted to the ploughing match and the sale of stock, much less numerously attended by farmers; for there were many hundreds to witness those interesting parts of the proceedings of the association, and it is but fair to remark, that no one went away regretting that he had devoted the day to such purposes.

Among the strangers who honored the Association with their presence, we noticed with pleasure our esteemed friend, Col. Allee, of Carroll County, who had with him a portion of his fine herd of Durhams, thus contributing much to the effect of the exhibition, by increasing the number of blooded stock. And while we have pen in hand, we will express the belief, that the residence of such men in a neighborhood, is as indispensable to its welfare, as is the salts of the earth to the healthfulness of its productions. But while we express our gratification at beholding among us again our friend from Carroll, let us not forget, that there was one absent, who was with us last year, and whose presence this, would have been hailed with unmingled feelings of pleasure by every member of the association—we need not mention that we allude to Mr. Chas. B. Calvert, of Prince George's County, whose public spirit as a farmer is justly the theme of praise, and

whose enterprise is only excelled by the good sense by which it is directed. He had with us last year a herd of eight as fine Durhams as our state can boast of: their absence this year, created a vacuum not easily filled; but as some alteration has been made in the Constitution of our Society, we shall indulge the hope that our next fair will be graced by their presence; and that Riversdale by its noble representatives will occupy the point of observation.

Among the absentees we must not forget to name our old friend Belzhoover, who though absent in person, we feel assured was with us in spirit, and if it would not be carrying coals to New Castle, we would tell him, that though he was ably represented in his sons, regret at his absence was a universal feeling by hundreds who expected to see him, and were disappointed in his not being there *in propria persona*; nor were this feeling confined to the gentlemen alone, as we heard lips more attractive inquire—"Why is Mr. Belzhoover not here?"

Amidst the invited guests pre-eminently stood that friend of the Agriculturist and of his country, the Hon. HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, the Commissioner of Patents, from Washington, who though a stranger to most of us, personally, was an old acquaintance in the regards of all; for there lives not a husbandman, from the sea side to the remotest prairie of our land, who does not cherish for him an abiding sense of gratitude and respect.

Let us now turn to another invited guest, but who though called to the feast, came not—and we need not add that his call was the call of the heart, for every farmer—every planter—every friend of Agriculture—mingles with the name of JOHN S. SKINNER, no other feelings than those of affection and gratitude. They justly look up to him as the father of agricultural improvement in this, our land of illimitable boundaries—as the great mental lever that propelled onward that generous spirit of enterprise, that meliorating impulse, which sought not only to conquer the inveterate prejudices of our fathers, but to unfold the lights of science, in order that, in the broad glare of their reflection, the high road to improvement might be made visible. We have said that he came not; but although the duties of his official station would not permit him to abstract himself from Washington, his *missive* came as the herald of joy, to assure us that the best aspirations of his heart were with us, and that he was still as stalwart a champion of the cause of Agriculture, as when a quarter of a century ago he breathed life into the AMERICAN FARMER—infused into its pages his own ardent feelings and indomitable spirit, and gave birth to a new era in the husbandry of the country.

We shall pass now from these our preliminary remarks, to the more substantial portions of the Fair.

The exhibition of cattle, though not quite as large as that of last year, was very large, and comprised almost every breed in the country, with, perhaps, the exception of the Hereford. Full Bred Improved Durhams and grades; Devons and grades; Ayrshires as pure as those which browse on their native hills of Scotland; Alderneys of pure blood and grades, the Irish Cow, and the Native American, all were to be found upon the ground, in no stinted numbers, of each sex and almost every age—amongst them, in all that starched stiffness for which little folks are proverbially conspicuous, stood a dwarf cow, with her calf, nearly as big as herself. The cow brought with her the reputation of giving six quarts at a milking: if the capacity of her udder was not calculated through a too partial medium, she must be esteemed a most wonderful animal; for, in truth, she is the tiniest piece of animated nature, which we ever beheld, that acknowledged to the name of cow; being as much below the standard size of her kind, as is Tom Thumb below that of the Belgian Giant.

The display of Sheep was not such as we could have desired, consisting of but three small lots—Bakewell,

Saxony and Southdown, fair enough to be sure in their quality, but too few in number.

The fat cattle and oxen were few in number, though of excellent quality.

The *Swine* were of several kinds, and we may say, of good breeds: some of them very superior, combining all those desirable points of form and aptitude to fatten, which give character to the pig.

The *Horses* were not as numerous as we could have desired; but there were some good ones among them.

Of *Jacks* there were two, the property of Mr. Robert Gilmer, jr.—of their quality, we shall speak more at large in the proper place.

Of *Implements of Husbandry* the display was as numerous and diversified in object, as any one could have desired; and proved beyond all question, that American Mechanics cannot be beaten, in any conflict where invention and skill are to be the tests of superiority.

The products of the *Dairy* challenged the approving taste of many, and won for the Ladies of Baltimore county a reputation which places them on vantage ground.

Of *Silk* there were but two specimens—one of *Cocoons* and the other of *Sewings*, the first produced by a gentleman, and the latter, by a lady 86 years of age, who reeled and twisted it without the aid of spectacles.

Of *Domestic Manufactures*, the display was such as made every son of Baltimore county feel justly proud. The articles were no less numerous than beautiful; comprised every thing necessary to household comfort and luxury; were conceived with a delicacy and refinement of taste, which was only equalled by the neatness and beauty of execution, and reflected imperishable credit upon the fair ones, by whom they were fabricated. Old as we are, imperfect as our o'er-taxed vision is, we could see clear enough, to convince us, that the ladies of Baltimore county have not suffered the vitiating influence of *fashion*, to estrange them from those paths of usefulness, for which the Maryland matrons and maids of the purer days of our Republic, were, above all other women, distinguished, and that however much those of other portions of our state, or country, may have yielded to tyrant custom, they have withstood its tempting inroads, with a courage and spirit as commendable as indomitable. It is neither our province nor our wish to draw invidious comparisons between the products of our own fair daughters, and those of other parts of Maryland, but we may be indulged with the expression of the belief, that there is no county in the State, where a greater amount of female skill could be produced, than were to be found in the apartments of our fair allotted to the productions of the ladies of Baltimore county. As it will be our business in another place, to enumerate the various items which we noted, we will content ourselves, for the present, in merely saying, that the *LADIES' APARTMENTS* were the central points of admiration, and that no one entered them without enjoying a visual feast as rich as it was gratifying. But before we close this part of our history, we must claim the indulgence of the other contributors, while we record the fact, that two of the bedquilts were the work of ladies of another era; the one being 86, and the other 79 years of age, and that both, as we believe, quilted them without the aid of spectacles. Such instances of household industry, in ladies so advanced in years, must serve to stimulate the young to emulate their examples, and cannot fail to be as productive of good, as the examples themselves are beyond all praise.

The *Agricultural products* were good in kind, and embraced most of the productions of the farm and the garden.

Of *Fruit* there were many fine specimens of Apples and Pears—of the latter we noticed a basket, of a variety we have never seen before—they were well sized and striped, and, as we learned, were a winter pear, of French origin, and called *O mon Dieu*.

On the eve of the second day, there was brought upon the ground, a Canadian stallion, of excellent points and fair proportions, tho' of pony stature; combining great strength with the capacity for endurance, and possessing an elastic step, which told that he lacked not the power of overcoming space with wonderful facility.

STOCK.

With your permission we will accompany you to the pens, and examine the *Cattle*, in order that we may form an opinion as to the degree of improvement our farmers are making in this department of their calling. Here we are upon them—so let us take a peep into

Pen No. 1. A good beginning this: see those three Durham heifers, so perfect in form and rich in points—they are the property of Mr. Robert A. Taylor.

Here in *pen 2*, is another Durham heifer, as beautiful as those in No. 1, and two Durham cows, *Mary* and *Emily*, and both with hides as white as the driven snow, and skin yellow, indicating the butteraceous character of their milk. Look at their delicate necks, backs as straight as though they had been made by rule and plummet, and see their square buttocks, all showing their high breeding; these are also the property of Mr. R. A. Taylor.

Pen No. 3 contains *Red Rose*, a 15-16 grade Durham cow, the alloy of 1-16th being *Devon*; and by her side stands *Flora* the 2d, a 7-8 grade Durham, her alloy of 1-8 being also of *Devon*. She is the daughter of the celebrated butter cow, *Flora*, formerly owned by the Hon. C. A. Barnitz, of York, Pa. which, when fresh, and for some months afterwards, yielded 20 lbs. of butter per week, and whose milk was so rich that the agitation of a cart was sufficient in transporting it to town, a distance of only two miles, to convert it into butter. We state this fact upon the authority of a gentleman to whom *Flora* was sold by Mr. Barnitz, in whose veracity every reliance may be placed. Thus intimately acquainted with the history of the dam of *Flora* the second, we felt anxious to hear something of her properties as regarded her yield of milk and butter, but as there were no one present who could answer our inquiries, we must defer them for another and more propitious season. These fine animals also belong to Mr. Taylor.

In *pen 4* is the Prince of Northumberland, an imported full bred Durham bull, of the Whittaker stock: the property of Mr. Robert A. Taylor.

Pen No. 5 contains two fine bull calves, *Rover* and *Norma*, the first out of *Flora 2d* by Prince of Northumberland, is 15-16ths Durham, 1-16 *Devon*—the second is out of *Red Rose* by the same sire, is 31-32nds Durham and 1-32nd *Devon*, and we believe, according to the English rule, is considered full blooded—at all events his alloy so far as milk and butter is concerned is a positive virtue.

Pen No. 6 contains three 1 year old bull calves, *Snowball*, *Martin* and *Bruce*, the two first are full bred Durhams, and the last $\frac{3}{4}$ th grade Durham—all pretty animals—the property of Mr. Robert A. Taylor.

Pen No. 7 contained a bull calf 18 months old called *Robin Hood*, possessing very good points; the property of Mr. Edward Taylor.

Pen No. 8 contained 1 Alderney Cow, and 2 Durham heifers—the property of Mr. H. B. Chew.

Pen No. 9 contained a red and white full bred Durham heifer, a perfect beauty, and although but 7 months old, we predict she will come to the pail a cow of no ordinary pretensions. She is the property of Mr. David M. Perine.

In *pen 10* stood *Magnum Bonum*, a full bred Durham bull, 2 years 7 months and 4 days old—a noble looking animal, bearing all the marks of superior blood, of fine size and proportions. He is the property of Mr. David M. Perine.

In *pen 11* stood that beautiful creature *Nancy Thompson*, a dark Roan, full bred Durham cow: she is by *Montezuma*, out of a full bred Durham cow imported by Rezin D. Shepherd, Esq.—the property of Mr. J. B. Goll.

In *Pen 12* there were two very fine animals, a white full bred Durham cow and her calf, the latter a roan—the property of Mr. James B. Goll.

In *Pen 13* was *Harry of the West*, by John Bull out of Awkward Horn, imported by Rezin D. Shepherd, Esq. *Harry of the West* is rising 3 yrs. old, is a full bred Durham of fine size, and greatly improved since last year. He is the property of Mr. James B. Goll.

In *Pen 15* we found *Red Jessamine*, a half Devon and half Alderney cow, 4 years old, and bearing every mark of being a superior animal—and *Rebecca*, a full bred Alderney, 3 years old, looking like the making a good milk-er—these were the property of Mr. Saml. Sutton.

Pen 16 contained a most beautiful thorough bred, Red and White Durham Heifer, called *Magnolia*. We were struck with the lofty bearing of this fine young animal, as well as with her excellent condition; but after all, the current of our admiration was chilled by one little dissyllabic word upon the placard on her pen—for it told that she was "barren;"—she is the property of Col. J. C. Atlee.

In *Pen 17* proudly stood that noble full bred Durham bull Prince Albert, 3 yrs. & 5 months old, the property of Col. J. C. Atlee.

Pen 18 contained two full bred Durham bull calves, bearing, respectively, the names of *Denton* and *Harry*—the property of Col. J. C. Atlee.

Pen 19 held two fine Durham cows, *Red Twin* and *Frolic*—the property of Col. J. C. Atlee.

In *Pen 20* were three beautiful Durham heifers, who answered to the names of *Alice*, *Dairy Maid* and *Clara*—the property of Col. J. C. Atlee.

Pen 21 contained *Morrisanna*, a full bred Durham cow, 7 years old, and her heifer calf 7 months old. *Morrisanna* is red and white, a cow of noble size, pure pedigree, and of good milking propensities, whether regard be had to quantity, quality, or to continuance—her calf is a very pretty animal, of white color and good points. These are the property of Mr. Wm. C. Wilson.

In *Pen 22* was a most beautiful Devon cow, 7 years & 6 months old—the property of Mr. James Wilson.

Pen 23 contained two most beautiful animals, the first *Beauty*, a cow 6 yrs. old, and the second, *Sarah*, a heifer 2 yrs. old, both full bred Ayrshires—the property of Mr. John Ridgely, of Hampton.

In *Pen 24* there were two full bred Ayrshire heifers, *Fanny* and *Polly*, each 13 months old, the property of Mr. Jno. Ridgely of Hampton.

Pen 25 held a full bred Ayrshire bull, called *Hampton*, 3 yrs old—of excellent size and points—the property of Mr. John Ridgely of Hampton.

Pen 26 contained a half Durham bull, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. old, called *Prince Albert*, and a half bred Durham heifer, 2 years old, each, so so—the property of Mr. Wm. Campbell.

Pen 27 held a Durham grade cow, 15-16ths, called *Rose*, and her heifer calf *Victoria*, 8 months old. *Rose* is a strawberry roan, and has a good reputation as a milk-er—the property of Mr. J. B. H. Fulton.

Pen 29 contained a very fine Devon cow, called *Blossom*, and her bull calf, *Prince*, 9 months old—as also *Sally Gray*, a $\frac{3}{4}$ th Durham—a roan of good appearance, and *Lucy*, a half and half Durham and Devon—a square well built red animal—all these are the property of Mr. J. B. H. Fulton.

Pen 30 was the home, for the then present, of *Effie*, a most perfect creature, a full bred Devon, the property of Mr. Jno. P. E. Stanley.

In *pen 32*, stood, in all the pride of youth and beauty, two Devon bull calves, *Richard* and *Marmion*, each 16 months old, the property of Mr. J. P. E. Stanley.

Pen 33 contained two Devon calves, the one a bull 9 months old, bearing a name dear to agriculturists, *Leicester*, the other a heifer, 10 months old, called *Janet*, the property also of Mr. Stanley.

In *pen 34* we found a splendid Devon heifer, 17 mos. old, called *Clara*, the property of Mr. Stanley.

In *pen 35* was a noble yoke of *Devon oxen*, owned by the same gentleman.

In *pen 36* there was a very light roan Durham bull, without a name, and small of stature, the property of Mr. Richard Caton.

Pen 37 contained *Young Duke*, a young Durham bull; *pen 38*, a Devon heifer, as also a cow; and in *pen 39* were folded 6 Leicester sheep, of medium size—the whole the property of Mr. R. Caton.

The next pen, without number, held a most remarkable animal, in the shape of a dwarf cow; the smallest we ever saw, and by her side stood a calf almost as big as herself. She was a light roan, and the man in attendance said she was a full bred Durham; if so, had she possessed the

faculty of speech, she might have exclaimed, with an illustrious personage of old, "what a falling off is here, my countrymen!"—but we were also informed she was termed of the *Highland* breed. In the same pen with this little "observed of all observers," there was a half Durham cow called *Kate*—all of these were the property of Mr. Richard Caton.

In adjoining pens stood *Ann Maria*, a 4 yr. old red and white cow, half Durham and half Devon, a most beautiful creature—a black and white, and a red and white heifer, both grade Durhams of fine size and appearance—these were the property of Mr. John Stewart, of Baltimore.

In the next pen stood a Devon cow called *Rose*, of very fair appearance, the property of Mr. W. S. Winder.

In the adjoining pens, there were two fine looking cows, and a bull and a heifer: the three first were imported from Bremen, the latter the issue of one of the cows. They were all black and white, and belonged to Mr. Rodewald of Baltimore.

The next pens contained a family of Alderneys, so famed for the richness of their milk, consisting of a bull, 3 cows and a calf. The bull is 7-8 grade Alderney; two of the cows full bred, and the other a grade, the Alderney blood largely predominating. These animals are all of good size, cherry red in color, and decidedly an improvement upon the form of their peculiar breed, an improvement possibly wrought by translation from their sea-girt transatlantic home, to the more luxuriant fields of their present owner, Mr. James Howard.

The next pen contained a pair of Alderney oxen, of red color, good size and form, the property of Mr. Jas. Howard.

Pen 50 contained a red and white Durham cow, and a roan heifer, both good looking, but as their owner's name was not given by card, and there was no one there to proclaim their pedigree or owner, we, of course, cannot record either the one or the other.

The next pen was an object of universal admiration, for it contained that *Irish giantess*, *Sophy*, a full bred improved Durham, as the following pedigree will attest:

"*Sophy*, roan, with red neck, got by Exmouth, d. by Prince, g d by Leopold (370) g g d by Duke Wellington (231) g g d by Sir Harry (1444) gggg d by Helmsman, ggggg d by Yarmouth, (705) gggggg d by Young Marcke, gggggg d by Topknot (1521) gggggggg d by Foljammer (283) gggggggggg d by Bolinbroke, (86) gggggggggg d Exmouth, gggggggggggg by Hubback, 319, backed by Bampton."

But independently of her long pedigree, which traces back through a pure strain of ancestry for a hundred years, she has that about her to give assurance of the nobility of her blood; her port and form are in admirable keeping with her high breeding, and what is of no inconsiderable moment to the lovers of good milk and butter, when, in the prime and freshness of her milking powers, we are informed by her owner, that she yields 32 quarts a day.

By her side stood her yearling son, a dark roan, and answering to the euphonious name of *Paddy O'Rafferty*—he is by Lord Althorp, a full bred Durham of great size. These are the property of Mr. Geo. Law, of Baltimore.

In pen 51 we beheld a most comely red and white cow, of great size, a grade Durham, the property of Mr. Law.

In the next pen there was a most beautiful Durham cow called *Eliza*, she is perfect in form, a dark roan, and possesses all the points which mark her noble race, in a pre-eminent degree. She has the reputation of being a deep milker and an abundant yielder of butter; and we doubt it not, for she carries all the indications of those qualities about her; she belongs to Mr. Frederick Harrison.

The next pens contained *Prince Albert*, an imported Berkshire boar, whose numerous progeny, so widely spread throughout our land are the living witnesses of his prowess, and whose massy form proved that no lover of good bacon need despair of a well filled larder, who may rely upon his capacity to fill it: two noble Berkshire sows were there to shew that the females of his race, if not as ponderous in dimensions, were, at least, as comely in appearance, and lest their devotion to their princely consort should be questioned, they had with them three young princes of the same noble blood, bearing the names of *Young Prince*, *Jack*, and *Francis*. These were the property of Mr. Thos. T. Gorsuch, of near Hereford, Baltimore county; nor need we add, that his display of Berks-shires won the golden opinions of all good judges.

In the next pen there was a most beautiful white boar, of fine size and excellent points, who evinced great aptitude to fatten, a property which no breeder of hogs should lose

sight of. He bore the Classic name of *Sempronius*, is a cross between the Woburn and the Irish grazier, and belongs to Mr. David M. Perine.

The adjoining pen was occupied by a lot of beautiful pigs, a cross between the *Lincolnshire* and *Berkshire*, which by the bye, we think a most admirable cross. No one saw the occupants of this pen but to admire them. On the outside of the pen, in a cage, was a most noble boar, as white as snow, with silky hair, which answered to the familiar name of *Lincoln Tom*: he was also half Berkshire and half Lincoln. These belong to Mr. Samuel Sutton, of Patapasco River, Washington road.

In the next pen was our old friend, *Toby*, who, as our readers will recollect, we handled rather roughly in our history of the campaign of last year; but as history is not history unless it be spoken in the words of soberness and truth, we could not find it in our conscience to speak otherwise than we did; for he came to the fair then, glorying in the very ruggedness of his nature, fresh from the woods, where, for many, many weeks, he had been poaching on a neighbor's manor, gaining a precarious living on roots, having, without leave, eloped from his master's well supplied piggery, on an errand of vagrant love, and sorely did he pay for his silly frolic, for the privations to which he had been subjected had well nigh denuded his frame of every thing save the tissues of muscle and flesh, and these were almost in a state of mutiny with his bones. But as *Toby* has fulfilled his duties much more commendably this year, by submitting to confinement, like a christian hog as he is, we have deemed it our duty to record this his apology, and thus account for his scurvy appearance last year.

Having thus relieved his owner from the odium of our former notice, we will state, that upon the present occasion, we found *Toby* so changed in appearance—looking so like what a Berkshire ought to be—that but for his card, we should not have been able to recognize him as the same individual hog, upon whose head we had vented a most bitter and uncompromising philippic. To be serious and come down to the sedateness of history, *Toby* is now every inch a hog—aye, and a Berkshire at that, of most excellent pretensions, with a length of body as far reaching as almost any other Berkshire of the masculine gender to be found in our Republic. He is 3½ years old: by his side was a very good Berkshire sow, of fine form and appearance called *Black Rose*—both belonging to Mr. J. B. H. Fulton.

In the next pen was a likely black and white sow, a grade Berkshire, the property of Mr. Charles Deam.

Adjoining the above was *Emperor Nicholas*, a most noble and fair proportioned white boar, of pure Chester County blood, and although but 10 months old, a fellow of marvellous size and excellent symmetry of ham and sides; and by the way, we must confess, that we have a wonderful penchant for Chester county hogs, as they have a happy knack of filling the tub with pork of most savory and digestible properties.

In the contiguous pen there were a mother with 6 precious testimonials of her devoted love, and altho' she had buried one the day before, she seemed so proud of the remaining members of her grunting progeny, as to have forgotten the one that had been consigned to—the soap fat. This interesting swinish family consisted of a Chester co. sow, 10 months old, full sister to *Emperor Nicholas*, and her pigs, which were half Chester and half Russian—and a most beautiful litter at that—these, as well as the *Emperor Nicholas*, belong to Messrs. Campbell & Mott, who deserve great credit for the fine appearance of their pigs.

Next to the above was a Berkshire boar, belonging to Mr. Wm. Y. Day.

In the adjoining pen, there were two beautiful Berks-shires, a boar and sow, 10 months old, owned by Mr. Isaac Webster.

Then came, in the adjoining pen, a grade Berkshire boar, belonging to Mr. H. B. Chew.

Adjoining the above was a very good Berkshire boar, and a sow with 7 fine looking pigs, but as there was no label on the pen, and no one to tell their whereabouts, we are unable to say to whom they belonged.

In pen 103, there were three remarkably fine Berkshire sows; of great size and good points. These belonged to the Messrs. Fenby.

In the next pen, there was a very good looking black and white boar, of what breed, or to whom he belonged, we know not; for there was neither card nor lips to tell either the one or the other.

Next came a beautiful chesnut blooded colt, sired by

Drone, out of a full bred mare—he is owned by Gen. Wm. McDonald, one of the few remaining soldiers of the revolution, who is now, we believe, in his 86th year, and although unable to walk, was upon the ground in his carriage, and appeared to enjoy every thing with as rich a gusto as the youngest man there. He seemed delighted with his colt; thought he would make a good racer, and was pleased to find him so like his sire, who stood only a few pens distant, thus offering a fair opportunity for comparison. As we looked on this venerable man, our mind instinctively reverted to the era when he and his co-laborers battled for freedom, and could but regret that but few of the public men of the present day, possess that self-denying patriotism which enabled those of the Revolutionary times, to carry us triumphantly through that glorious struggle.

Contiguous to Gen. M'D's colt, we noticed a very fine dark bay *Tom Mare*, owned by Dr. Josiah Marsh.

Then came an excellent brood mare with two colts, each of which bore ocular demonstration to the worth of his dam, and reflected no stinted credit upon his sire—these belonged to Mr. Samuel Sutton.

Adjoining the above stood a dark bay blooded Mare, with her colt, 10 months old. The mare was of ample size, good form, and could she have given tongue to the thought, might, with Major Longbow, have exclaimed—"there's muscle for you," and added, "chest too;" for in these properties, she was rich—her colt, like its dam, had substance in abundance. They belonged to Mr. Henry B. Chew.

In the next pen there was a Durham cow of good appearance, called *Blossom*, and owned by Mr. Charles Taylor.

The next pen contained 2 very fine heifers, which were said to be of *Irish breed*—rather an indefinite distinction—a very fair Durham cow and calf—and a native cow not very remarkable in her points—these belonged to Mr. Ch. Taylor.

The next Pen contained 7 good *Southdown* sheep, the property of Mr. H. B. Chew.

Adjoining the above, was a lot of *Saxony* sheep, of fine appearance and size, the property of Mr. W. S. Winder.

Judge J. Ward had upon the ground a pair of work oxen, which we saw work on the last day, in the ploughing match, whose performance not only excited our admiration, but that of every one else whom we heard speak upon the subject. Although aged, they walked with an elasticity of step, and steadiness of gate, throughout the whole of that trying scene, equal to the best broken horses, and by their *truthfulness*, proved, that there was nothing false in them; but that, partaking of the steadiness of their skilful driver, they were always to be relied upon in a heavy pull or a hard day's work.

Mr. Charles A. Buchanan had a pair of half Durham and half Devon work oxen on the ground; their dams were Devons, sisters, their sire, a full bred Durham. The color of these noble animals was peculiar—a dark mahogany roan; they were so near of a size, so similar in shape, and color and length of horns—indeed, they were so much alike in their whole appearance, as to be taken for twins. In their whole contour, they appear to combine the excellent points of the two superior breeds from which they sprung. They were worked with the plough the first day, but as we did not see them, we cannot speak from our personal knowledge as to their working properties; but this we will say, in defiance of a hypercritic, who has lately entered his protest against the use of the term in the sense that we are about to use it—they are a "splendid" pair of oxen. They were bred by Mr. Buchanan, who deserves much credit for the sagacity and skill he has displayed in rearing so good an ox-team.

We have briefly noticed in another place a pair of *Devon Oxen*, exhibited by Mr. J. P. E. Stanley, and we will here remark, that a more beautiful specimen of ox-flesh, never were yoked together. In action they stepped off like race nags—with a bold elastic stride, that, we should think, would overcome space to the tune of five miles an hour. In England, where the value of oxen of various breeds have been submitted to all sorts of tests, the Devon oxen stand unrivalled for speed and bottom, and we doubt much, if the late Earl of Leicester ever owned a better pair than those of Mr. Stanley.

Mr. Kendall had his fine full blooded stallion, *Drone*, on the ground, whose beautiful appearance attracted much attention. He is aged now, but still as playful as a colt, and shewed great constitutional vigor. In his youth, before he was withdrawn from the turf, he proved himself fleet of heels and stout of bottom, and we trust, that an

opportunity will be afforded him of transmitting his own good qualities to a numerous offspring.

Mr. Robert Gilmor, jr. exhibited two Jacks which excited much admiration—the one, by his great size and immense strength of limb, and well developed muscles; and the other, by his symmetry of form, if such a thing as symmetry can be ascribed to so ugly an animal as the Jack; for, at best, the finest looking among them, are ugly enough in all conscience. The first of these Jacks, though but three years old, is 15 hands 1½ inch. high, and large, every way, in proportion. He was got by imported Jack Mammoth, a Jackship of no little celebrity in the South and West, where the intrinsic value of breeding mules is justly appreciated—a celebrity gained, first, from the circumstance of his having cost \$10,000, secondly, from his being the biggest Jack that ever honored our fair Republic with his presence; and thirdly, from the successful and eminent services he has rendered the States. The dam of Mr. G's. largest Jack, was that queen of Jennets—the Maid of Saragossa, whose superior excellence has been established by the expressed opinion of the best judge in the land.

Mr. Wm. Nely, of Baltimore, had a lot of fine young hogs on the ground, consisting of Berkshires, grade Berkshires, and a cross between the Chester and China, all in excellent condition, which was at once evincive of their capacity for becoming pinguin and of the attention of their owner.

Mr. Wm. Goll had a pair of mules, which for size, docility and general appearance, would compare with any in the state, and what we consider of much value, they were in a condition of keeping to reflect credit upon their owner—to use very homely but appropriate phrases—they were as round as dumplings and as slick as grease.

The foregoing are all the stock our memoranda furnishes us an account of. If we have omitted any, it may have arisen from their being brought upon the ground after our notes were taken—at all events, if we have omitted any, it must be ascribed to accident, not to design; for we endeavored to do justice to all. Should any have escaped our notice, upon being advised of the fact, we will take pleasure in giving them a conspicuous place in our journal hereafter.

Having thus concluded our remarks of the display of stock, which, it is but fair to say was very superior, we must be permitted to express our regret that the owner of the best herd of Devons in America, had not been impelled, by that moving spirit which induces men to offer up a sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism, to honor the fair with a sight of his mahogany beauties; for beauties they are, and though their owner could not have borne away the premiums of the association as the trophies of his unequalled skill, he would have enjoyed the satisfaction of witnessing the universal admiration of all, which to an enlightened mind would have been of priceless value.

PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society will hold its third annual Cattle Show and Fair on the 1st and 2d of next month, and we sincerely regret to perceive by the Upper Mailbox Gazette of the 19th instant, that some doubt exists as to its continuance, as in a community like that of Old Prince George, where so much intelligence, so much public spirit, and so much means abound, even the scintillation of a doubt of the kind should not be permitted to enter into the imagination of any one; and for ourself we shall dismiss the thought from ours, as we cannot realize the idea, that an institution so prolific of benefits to the farming and planting interests, could be permitted to languish, much less to fall through, in the midst of a high spirited people, possessing, in abundance, all the elements of its prosperity. We, therefore, most fervently hope, that our friend of the Gazette has anticipated an evil, that is most foreign from the thoughts of the enterprising gentlemen to whose fostering care the association owes its being, and upon whom it will have to rely for its future continuance and support.

SITUATION AS MANAGER WANTED.

A single man who can produce references as to character and qualifications, and who has been in the service of a gentleman in the vicinity of Baltimore, wishes a situation as Manager. Apply at this office. oc 11 4t

LIME—LIME.

The subscriber is now prepared to furnish from his depot at the City Block, Baltimore, ALUM STONE LIME of the purest description, deliverable at any point on the Chesapeake bay or its tributaries, at such prices as cannot fail to please.

He is also prepared to furnish superior building Lime at 25 cents per bushel, in hds. or at \$1 per bbl. E. J. COOPER, aug 30 City Block, Baltimore.

GREEN GAGE PLUM.

The subscriber has in his assortment of superior Fruits, a very fine tree of above description, originated by himself from the seed, pronounced by a competent judge superior to any thing he has seen in England. He can furnish them at \$1 per tree, of good size, smaller ones, 50 cents. Also, a few of the PEACH APRICOT, the best of the apricot family, price 50 cents per tree—and his famous GENESEE RASPBERRY, at \$10 per 100 plants. JOSEPH HUISLER. oc 18 3t

CLAIRMONT NURSERY, NEAR BALTIMORE.

The subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public that the time for transplanting trees has nearly arrived, and it would afford them pleasure to show their extensive, thrifty and well grown stock of Fruit and other TREES and PLANTS. The Ornamental Trees are larger and neater than usual, especially the BALSAM or SILVER FIR, and other EVERGREENS, as also the PLUM, CHERRY and APRICOT TREES. OF BULBOUS ROOTS, and STRAWBERRY PLANTS, they have nearly all the best new sorts. ASPARAGUS Plants, and RHUBARB and PIE PLANT, &c. &c. For further particulars we refer persons to our printed and priced catalogues, which will be sent to order gratis. Persons ordering trees from a distance may rely on their orders being carefully dug, packed, and forwarded agreeably to order, and as much to their interest as possible.

oc 18 7t

SINCLAIR & CORSE,
Successors of Robt. Sinclair, sen.

TO AGRICULTURISTS.



We beg leave to inform the Farmers in general of this County and of those on the Eastern and Western Shores, North and South Carolina, that we have opened an AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE, at No. 7 BOWLY'S WHARF, where we will at all times supply Farmers with one of the best articles in this market. We will fill orders, and supply country merchants at the lowest cash prices, and at the shortest notice,—we have on hand AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of all descriptions, among which rank the economical WILEY PLOUGHS, and the MINOR and HORTON PLOUGH, so celebrated in the States of New York and Pennsylvania. These are the cheapest Ploughs to the Farmer that have ever yet been invented—they leave the earth in perfect order for seeding. The Shear is so constructed as to have a double point and edge. Our Castings are of the Composition metal manufactured at the North, and is allowed by some of our most experienced farmers to wear three times as long as those manufactured here.

We keep on hand all kinds of PLOUGH CASTINGS, PLOUGHS, CULTIVATORS, HARROWS, Two Horse-power Endless Chain THRESHING MACHINES, WHEAT FANS, GRAIN CRACKLES, MOWING SNEATHS and SCYTHES, STRAW and HAY CUTTERS, CORN SHELLERS, revolving HORSE RAKES. Also, other Implements and Tools used in farming. We also keep GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS. Baltimore, July 26, 1843. JAMES HUEY & CO.

MILLWRIGHTING, PATTERN & MACHINE MAKING

By the subscriber, York, near Light st. Baltimore, who is prepared to execute orders in the above branches of business at the shortest notice, and warrants all mills, &c. planned and executed by him to operate well.

Murray's Corn and Cob Crushers for hand power \$25
Do. by horse power, from 6 to 12 bushels per hour, 35 to 40
Corn Shellors, shelling from 30 to 300 bushels an hour, 15 to 75
Portable and Stationary Horse Powers 75 to 150
Self-sharpening hand Mills, a superior article, 12
Cylinder Straw and Oat cutters, 2 knives, 20 to 35
Mill, carry log, and other Screws, 2 small Steam Engines 3 to 4 horse power. Any other machines built to order.

Patent rights for sale for the Endless Carriage for gang Saw Mills, a good invention.

Orders for crushers can be left with any of the following agents: J. F. Callan, Washington, D. C.; S. Sands, Farmer office; or the subscriber, JAS. MURRAY, Millwright, Baltimore.

MURRAY'S CORN & COB CRUSHERS.

To the Editor of the American Farmer.
Sir: Knowing that you feel an interest in hearing of all the improvements that are essential to the benefit of the farmers and planters generally, we take great pleasure in stating to you, that we have just seen one of James Murray's Corn Crushers in operation at his shop south of the Basin, driven by a small Steam Engine of two-horse power, grind one bushel of ears of corn in five minutes, with the greatest ease, and FINER than we have seen by any machine for the same purpose.

Respectfully, yours,

ALEX. GOULD, jr. Baltimore.
B. D. TOWNSEND,
FREDK. COOK,
GODDARD RABORG,
JACOB GRUVER.

Baltimore, Aug. 31, 1843.

DEVON CATTLE.

The undersigned has a herd of about five and twenty full blood North Devon Cattle, embracing all ages and both sexes, which have been selected and bred with care for several years past, and being overstocked would dispose of a part of them. Orders for any of them will meet with attention. Address

JOHN P. E. STANLEY,
No. 50 S. Calvert St. Baltimore

REAPING MACHINES,

HEMP CUTTING MACHINES—MOWING MACHINES—CORN & COB CRUSHERS—CORN SHELLERS & HUSKERS. Orders for the above machines to be used east of the Mountains, should be directed to the subscriber at Baltimore. Orders for those to be used in the Mississippi Valley may be directed to JAS. ANDERSON & CO. Louisville, Kentucky. Farmers are requested to send their orders at an early day. se 27 OBED HUSSEY.



PEACH AND PEAR TREES.

The subscriber is prepared to supply Peach Trees of the choicest kinds, surpassed by none in the U. States, and of the earliest to the latest kinds, which he is enabled to sell at the very low rate of 12½ cents per tree, if packed an extra charge.

He can also supply a few very choice Pear Trees at 50 cts. per tree—and in the Fall will be able to furnish any quantity required of many kinds.

Catalogues furnished on application at the Farmer office. Entire reliance may be placed on the genuineness of these trees, and of their being of the choicest kinds. ap 12 S. SANDS.

HARVEST TOOLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c.

ROBERT SINCLAIR, Jr. & CO. No. 60 Light st. Baltimore, Offer for sale at reduced prices,
Grain and Grass Scythes Wheat Fans, several most approved sizes and patterns
Grass Scythes with hangings complete Scythe Stones, Rides, Scythe Nibs and Rings
Grain Cradles, wood braced do iron braced Cradlers' Hammers
Sickles, German and American

ALSO,
HORSE POWERS for two or more horses

THRASHING MACHINES, made on the spike principle, very strong and durable

Straw Carriers to attach to do.

These Threshers and Horse Powers are now so generally used and approved by farmers in Maryland, that it is scarcely necessary to say anything in regard to their merits. Those however, who have not had an opportunity of seeing them in operation are referred to the following gentlemen who have our Threshers and Powers in use, viz.

Col. Jno. Mercer, near Annapolis	Henry Fite, Baltimore Co.
Col. Boyle, do	Dr. A. Tyson do
B. D. Hall, do	Moses Potter do
Mr. Hopkins, do	Jas. Rittenhouse do
Wm F. Rennoe and R. B. Posey, St. Mary's co.	

—About 350 more names can be given if required from gentlemen in different parts of this and other states, many of whom have been using our machines since 1838. R. S. jr. & Co.

HARVEST TOOLS.

JONA. S. EASTMAN, Pratt street, has in store, Wolf's superior Pennsylvania made Grain Cradles, Grain and Grass Scythes, warranted superior quality.—Also, steel and wood Hay Forks; Hay Rakes, of different qualities; Grass Seeds; Weeding Hoes, Spades and Shovels, Chopping Axes, &c. &c.

Likewise Threshing Machines and Horse Powers, for two or four horses, equal to any machines of the kind in use. Also, on hand, a large supply of his superior patent Cylindrical Straw Cutters, at reduced prices, both for the wood and iron frames; Corn Shellors; Corn and Tobacco Cultivator, plain and expanding, and of superior quality. His stock of PLOUGHS on hand is extensive, embracing a great variety of all sizes, with cast and wrought iron shares, including his newly invented patent and premium PLOUGH, with Iron beam, and self sharpening point, greatly simplified. His stock of Plough Castings, on hand is also large, and of superior quality, superior as he believes to any ever before made in this State. He has patterns that are highly approved for Horsepowers and Threshing Machines, from which he will furnish castings on reasonable terms, to those that wish to manufacture those Machines.

The above named articles will be sold at wholesale and retail for cash, or approved city acceptances, at prices to suit the exigencies of the times.

In store, Landreth's superior Garden SEEDS, of last year's growth. ma 22

MARTINEAU'S IRON HORSE-POWER IMPROVED,

Made less liable to get out of order, and cheaper to repair, and at less cost than any other machine.

The above cut represents this horse-power, for which the subscriber is proprietor of the patent-right for Maryland, Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Virginia; and he would most respectfully urge upon those wishing to obtain a horse power, to examine this before purchasing elsewhere; for beauty, compactness and durability it has never been surpassed.

Threshing Machines, Wheat Fans, Cultivators, Harrows and the common hand Corn Sheller constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices.

Agricultural Implements of any peculiar model made to order as the shorest notice.

Castings for all kinds of ploughs, constantly on hand by the pound or ton. A liberal discount will be made to country merchants who purchase to sell again.

Mr. Hussey manufactures his reaping machines at this establishment. R. B. CHENOWETH, corner of Front & Ploughman sts. near Baltimore st. Bridge, or No. 20 Pratt street. Baltimore, mar 31, 1841

BERKSHIRE PIGS.

The subscriber offers for sale Berkshire Pigs, 2 to 4 months old, from the piggery of Messrs. Gorsuch, and others of the best breeders in Maryland, at \$12 1-2 deliverable in this city, or \$15 caged with feed for any port on the coast of the U.S. m 29 SANDS,